



SOCIETY and PERSONAL ACTIVITIES of WOMEN



Revelations of A Wife by ADEL GARRISON

DOES DICKY HOLD THE KEY TO THIS STRANGE SITUATION?

Dicky turned from the telephone and came back to the chair where I sat racking my bewildered brain for the solution of the problem his account of his mysterious summons had given me.

"Now, there's a simple query I'd like to put to you, old dear," he said, sitting on the arm of the chair and slipping his arm around my shoulders. But there was a hint of sternness in his voice that warned me something a bit unpleasant was coming, and I could very well guess what it was.

"Will you kindly tell me why in blazes you registered as Mrs. Black at this hotel? Of all the fool stunts! Of course, you never can tell what a woman will do, but I did give you credit for at least one-fourth of an idea rattling around in your head."

I drew away slightly, but decidedly from his encircling arm.

"I infer then that under no circumstances does a man ever register under a name not his own." My tone was as frigid as my mental temperature. Dicky tightened the grasp of his arm and compelled my return to its shelter.

"At least he has a legitimate—or illegitimate reason for so doing," he said with a grin. "And nothing doing, old dear, in the high and mighty offended dignity pose. You've got us both in a devil of a mess, and I'd like to know how we're going to get out of it. But that can wait, although not very long, for I can't linger around here many minutes. So get busy, old dear, and spill your reason, or rather your excuse. You couldn't have had anything that could be dubbed a reason."

My mental thermometer took a bound from subnormal to typhoid-heat.

"You have no right to say anything like that!" I spluttered. "You have no more idea what I have gone through than the—than the—"

"Babe unborn," put in Dicky with a provoking grin. "That's a good, time-honored simile. Ain't I the nifty little thesaurus? You never ought to travel without me. But go on. This is just what I want to know, what have you gone through? Your tone hints at things unrevealed by my mysterious dulcet-voiced woman telephone correspondent."

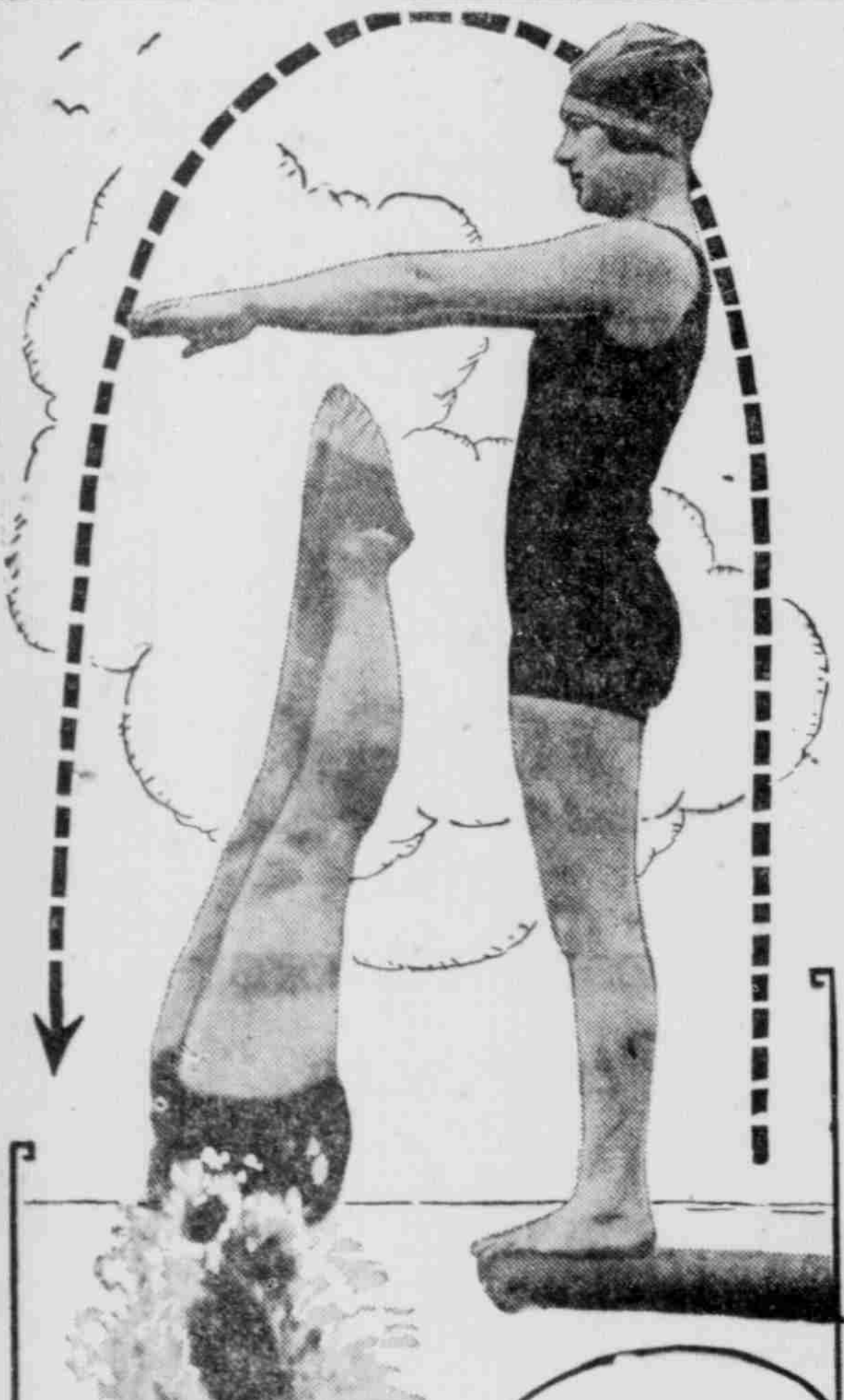
"Your woman telephone correspondent was a—!" I began hotly.

Dicky put his hand over my mouth in exaggerated benediction.

"Don't say it," he begged. "Don't utter the awful swear words that are trembling on your pure young lips. Count five and twenty, Tattycoram!"

The reference to the absurd little discipline so picturesquely portrayed by Dickens, and which Dicky and I often had used as a catch word, completed the rout of my ill temper. I giggled outright, and he removed his hand from my lips with an exaggerated sigh of relief.

List of Rules For Diving



ALEEN RIGGIN SHOWING PROPER START AND FINISH OF A DIVE.

BY ALEEN RIGGIN, Olympic Fancy Diving Champion.

The smart diver is the glory of the bathing beach. Swimming is twice as much fun if you can dive, too. Diving isn't as hard as it seems. All you need is nerve, and determination, and practice.

There are 16 points every diver should commit to memory. These are:

First—Do not exhibit any timidity or hesitation when about to dive.

Second—Always stand for an instant at attention, head erect, body upright, arms straight at side, with fingers loosely clenched and thumbs forward, and heels touching, before making a standing dive or starting to run for a running dive.

Third—Put all your strength into any dive that you are attempting.

Fourth—Always get as high in the air as possible when diving.

Fifth—Keep the line of the body naturally straight when entering the water.

Sixth—Always keep the fingers together.

Seventh—Keep the head up and balanced naturally.

Eighth—In running dives, run naturally and quickly, and spring from both feet.

Ninth—The spring should be made with the body vertical, and the arms should be put in the proper position as you spring.

Tenth—Just before executing a standing dive, the arms may be raised in front of and at right angles to the body, fingers being straight with the forefingers touching and the palms down.

Oldest Suffragist in U. S. Hits Plan of Feminists To Form Political Party

PHILADELPHIA, June 24.—(By N. E. A. News Service).—The oldest woman suffragist in America does not believe women should form a political party of their own.

Mrs. Charlotte L. Pierce, sole survivor of the first woman suffrage convention in 1848, in a statement repudiated her endorsement of the National Woman's party, given when she presented the silver trowel used in laying the corner stone of the party headquarters in Washington, May 21.

Although she is 92 years old, Mrs. Pierce is in good health and was able to talk in detail of her long years of hope for woman suffrage.

"I sent greetings to Washington and the trowel for the corner stone," but I am afraid I misunderstood. I thought it meant another step in the history of the great suffrage fight Susan B. Anthony started.

"But this seems to be a woman's party. I do not believe in that. I think women should go into the existing parties. It is no good for them to go off by themselves and form their own party. No, no, that is not the way."

Mrs. Pierce, a little old lady with very white hair and wearing dark glasses—for she is losing her sight rapidly—spoke determinedly.

"Women have done great work and there is much for them to do," she said. "I am sorry I will never be able to vote. Oh, I qualified the last time, but I was ill on election day. And now I do not go out any more. No, I'm too old—I'm afraid I'll never vote."

Mrs. Pierce sent to Washington at the request of a young Philadelphia woman:

"In memory of the Seneca Falls convention of 1848, presented by its sole survivor, Mrs. Charlotte L. Pierce in Thanksgiving for progress made by women and in honor of the National Woman's party, which will carry on the struggle so bravely begun."

Mrs. Pierce said she regretted that by this inscription her endorsement was pledged to the Woman's party.

would not have needed that address for which he asked—or so she engaged in some retortful "plot," he rolled the words sibilantly, and again grinned at me implicitly—"we cannot tell. But one thing you can bank on—and you would have guessed it if your head hadn't tried to make a dent in that station door—he wasn't alone on that train."

"You mean—"

"That his side partner was never very far from his elbow or yours," Dicky returned patently.

"A woman!" I gasped, comprehension dawning on me.

"Probably—need not have been just because a woman telephoned. But it was, no doubt, because they were able to keep such close tabs on you in that woman's waiting-room. Try to think a bit. Did you notice any woman coming up those steps when the colored matron brought you up to the taxi cab?"

I forced my bewildered thoughts over the trail I had taken from the waiting-room.

"I—I don't think so," I began, then as the pieces of the puzzle finally seemed to slip into place before my eyes I gave a little exclamation.

"Of course I remember now. There was a woman."

"I thought so," Dicky's tone was triumphant. "Think a bit before you try to tell me about it, and I'll venture to say you saw her more than once."

"You quite fancy yourself as a deducter, don't you?" I retorted spirit-edly.

"Greatest in the business," Dicky returned unabashed. "But you know I'm right."

"Yes, you are," I admitted as the trail of remembrance rushed upon my aching head. "I remember now, that as I was signaling the taxi at the head of the stairs, a little mouse of a woman with a small suitcase in her hand, brushed past me and took another car right in front of mine."

"I remember," said the driver fussing with the wheel as if there was something the matter with it, so he did not start before us."

"My husband, Mr. Graham."

"The usual trick," Dicky commented. "If you had looked behind you'd have seen that taxi sticking to you closer than death. And when you got out at the department store that dame with the suitcase was right on your trail."

"She must have been," I agreed, for I remember now that when I registered at this hotel there were several people standing near-by, and I had a subconscious feeling that I had seen one of them before. I am sure I saw the same woman again."

"Of course. That's the way she got on to that phony register of yours. And that reminds me. I've got to get out of this. Holy smoke! Who's that?"

A knock had sounded on the door. "It's the physician, I think," I said, rising from the chair where he had held me.

"You'll have to answer it," he said, irritably. "Now I wonder what's best—"

He was patently much troubled, but I had no idea how to help him, though the knowledge of his attitude toward my whole adventure made me tremulous as I opened the door to the dapper little doctor who had attended me in the afternoon.

"Good evening," the rotund little physician began, evidently not seeing Dicky at first. "And how do you feel now? Oh," his eyes fell on Dicky's standing figure. "I beg—"

"My husband, Mr. Graham," Dr. McDermott.

I saw Dicky bite his lips in vexation. Then I saw the physician start slightly and look quickly at me before he crossed the room with the conventional:

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Graham."

And it was only then I realized with a burning flush that I had introduced my husband under his own name, but that I, alas, was known to the physician and the hotel register as "Mrs. Black."



MRS. CHARLOTTE L. PIERCE.

"My heart is with all women who vote," she said. "They have gained it now, and they should not quarrel about the method of using it."

In the hall leading to her sitting room was a campaign card bearing the picture of Gifford Pinchot, recently nominated by the republicans for governor of Pennsylvania. Mrs. Pierce said her daughter had helped in the Pinchot fight.

"I am glad I have lived to see the day when women's votes did so much."

In a worth while fight," she said. "It has been such a long fight. Why, I was only a girl of 18 when the Seneca Falls convention was held. Susan B. Anthony was a great and noble woman. Yes, I knew her—and I am proud I too am a native of New York state."

Mrs. Pierce was a school teacher when she was 15. She was born 25 miles from Albany and later lived in Watertown, N. Y. She has lived in Philadelphia for 60 years.

Bobbed-Haired Girls Will Buy Back Locks

is Expert Prediction

DEFIANCE, O., June 24.—(By I. N. S.)—Bobbed-haired American girls will be buying their hair back soon at snug prices.

Of course, it may not be their own hair, but in that case, some other fair one will be paying a good sum for the tresses which young lady No. 1 so gladly relinquished not long since.

In other words, the bobbed-hair craze is merely the result of some clever promotion on the part of the beauty shops which have found little profit in their profession, except through the sale of the elaborate coiffure.

That's the report of one habitue of the beauty shops in many larger cities who thought it safe to divulge the information in Defiance, O., in the belief it "wouldn't get out." According to this informant, the beauty shop proprietors have given her the following story.

"Receipts began to dwindle when the 'rat' and the 'switch' and the 'transformer' went out of style. So, to put matters on a bed-rock foundation (no reference to the head intended), the bobbed-hair craze was pushed energetically. Everyone entering a beauty shop was given a comprehensive argument on the desirability of short hair. That campaign is now at its height."

"And, in anticipation of the reaction, there now are appearing the most elaborate combs and transformations. How can they be worn? Only with an elaborate coiffure."

"During the coming summer, the fall fashions will emphasize hair and more hair. And when the formal social season opens in late September watch the rush for the beauty shops. And watch the awful molders of feminine attractiveness sell back to their artless sisters their very own tresses at a commanding figure."

Read the Classified Ads

NOW DO MY WORK WITH EASE

Because Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored My Health

Hornell, N. Y.—"I was in bad health but there didn't seem to be any one thing the matter with me. I was tired out all over and it was an effort for me to move. I was irritable and could not sleep nights and had trouble with my bowels and at my periods. It seemed that nearly every one around me knew I was in bad health. I tried to get it out of my mind but I couldn't. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine and improved every day. I do all my own work now except the washing and do it with ease. I can accomplish as much in a day now as it would have taken me a week to do last winter and I try to get every one I know to take my medicine to build them up. You are welcome to use this letter as a testimonial if you like."—Mrs. CHAS. BAKER, 21 Spencer Ave., Hornell, N. Y.

In almost every neighborhood there are women who know of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They know because they have taken it and have been helped. Why don't you give it a trial?



CHARLES B. SAX & COMPANY

South Michigan Street, Near Washington Avenue

A Sale of Twelve Timely Specials

Priced Far Below Their Real Worth on Sale Monday

Wash Skirts

Here is an unusual value in white gabardine wash skirts. Monday Special, \$5 skirts \$1.98, and \$2.50 skirts \$1.00

Silk Hosiery

Women's and Misses' thread silk hosiery in brown, navy, black, and green. Monday Special, \$1.00 values 79c

Bathing Caps

Red, green and blue bathing caps in different styles. Good values at 25c. Monday Special 19c

Curtain Remnants

One big lot of Marquette and Nets in suitable lengths; plain, lace and tape edge—Monday Special

Half Price

Toilet Soap

Kirk's Cocoa hardwater Castile or Kirk's Olive Soap—Special, 6 bars 35c

Water Softeners

Here is your favorite for wash day! Sopade, Climacene or Quicker. Makes washing easy—10c values. Monday, 3 boxes 21c

House Dresses

Here is a real bargain in house dresses, gingham and percale in checks, stripes, plaids. Values to \$3.50. Monday Special \$1.00

Silk Underwear

Small lot of satin and crepe de chine envelope chemise and bloomers. \$5.95 values. Monday Special \$3.65

Percal Aprons

One lot of percale aprons, trimmed in contrasting colors, light patterns. A Real Special. Monday only 69c

Imported Swiss

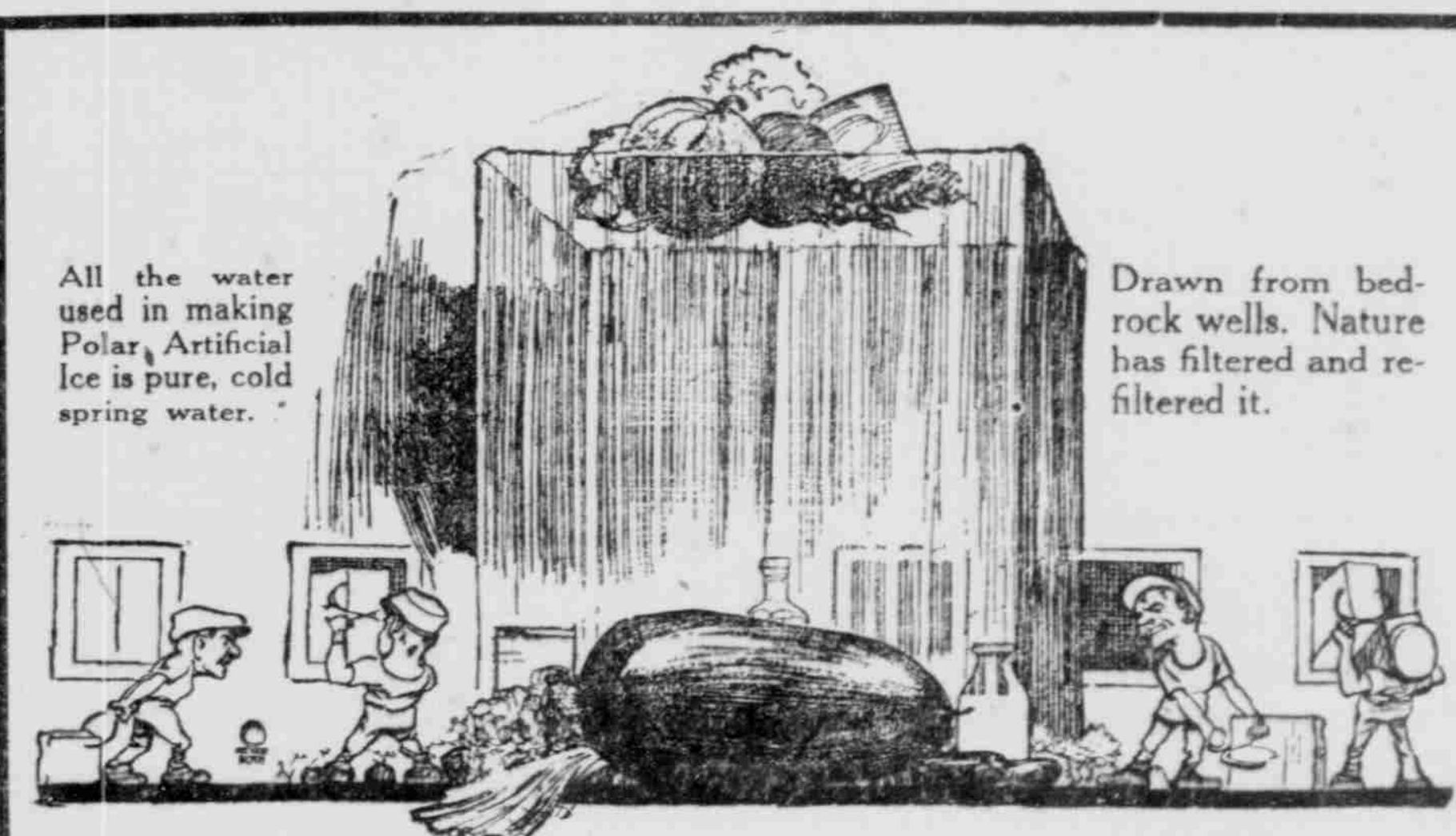
32-inch imported dotted Swiss in all colors, with white dots. Formerly \$2.00 and \$1.50 value. Monday, yard \$1.00

Sport Skirts

Beautiful wool plaids and silk stripes. These skirts are extreme values. They formerly sold up to \$25.00. Special at \$9.95

Linene Smocks

These dainty smocks are daintily made of white linene, embroidered in colors. Regular \$3.50 values. Monday \$1.95



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We will wash, iron and return everything ready to wear. We will also sew on buttons that are off, mend garment tears and darn your socks without additional charge.

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